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VOLUME 11-12-



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THE LEHIGH BURR.

Vol. 12.

APRIL 15th, 1893.

No. 16.

PUBLISHED EVERY TEN DAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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Terms, \$2.25 per year; if paid before February 1st, \$1.75.

EDITORIAL.

E had the pleasure of witnessing a rehearsal of "Fra Diavolo" a few nights ago by the "Mustard and Cheese," and we speak with a due amount of knowledge when we prophesy an evening of hearty enjoyment on Saturday, April 22. Besides its success from an artistic standpoint, it promises to be the most brilliant social event of the year.

THE score of the first game of base-ball of the season appears in this number of The Burr. Although it resulted in a crushing defeat for the Brown and White, this should cause no discouragement among the supporters of the team. The fact is that the men need practice and need it badly. This poor form was especially noticeable among the pitchers and, as a consequence, bases on balls were frequent. But even with our team in the best possible condition, there is no disgrace in a defeat from a nine that is composed of the best individual amateur players of the country.

THE attention of the various college organizations is called to the fact, that Lehigh will have an exhibit at the World's Fair. We need give no arguments to prove that this exhibit should be made creditable and representative of not only our University work, but of college life here at Lehigh. It can only be made so by the coöperation of the students.

THE BURR has decided to add its mite to the general effect by contributing a volume of the paper. Let the Athletic Association, the Musical Organizations, the Engineering Societies, the Fraternities, and all other college organizations fall into line and do their part.

E are glad to notice that the lacrosse men have been taken to a training table. Our only reason for criticism is the fact that the benefit of such a move has not been recognized years ago. There is no sport, rowing perhaps excepted, that requires such hard and consistent training as lacrosse, and how perfect physical condition can be obtained without the aid of a training table we fail to see. Scattered over the town, and subject to the tender mercies of the Bethlehem boarding house, is it a wonder that our teams have seldom been able to go into a game with every man in the best possible physical state? But this, though an important one, is not the chief advantage of a training table. It serves to keep up the enthusiasm and to develop the esprit de corps of the players. It is a meeting place where they can get together and talk over new methods of play. Brilliant plans of attack and safe means of defense are there evolved and explained better than they could be amid the excitement and heat of the practice game. Besides these considerations there is the fact, that the captain gets to know his

men better and can find out the reason for any absence from the daily practice.

HE last concert of the Glee and Banjo Clubs was a success most assuredly, yet hypercritically there are a few points in the affair that would bear discussion, and what is here said is meant to apply to all the concerts of our musical organizations. Our clubs are now capable, so far as music is concerned, of giving as fine a concert as those of any college, and since they have attained this degree of excellence in the most essential requisite for success, the time has come for polish and style which, useless as they are alone, are ever charming and pleasing when they serve to set off beauty of any kind. Now is the time to give attention to the appearence of the performers on the stage, the time for them to sit in the audience and see themselves, so to speak, and criticize from that point of view. In the first place, the men themselves can not be too careful in their actions when they stand in the glare of the footlights. Awkwardness is the most unpardonable sin on the stage in the eyes of an audience, and a body of men can not walk on and off the boards with too much care to do so gracefully, nor is an easy posture while standing or sitting easy to assume. The day of the Jenny Lind trot has passed; on the other hand, stiffness is just as great a fault. Yet the thing can be done in the right manner, for by practice and care on the part of each performer the task can be accomplished and the proper result obtained. The Banjo Club have assumed a uniform styles of dress, which in evening dress happens to be very simple, and consists in all wearing the same kind of tie. They have chosen white, and the Glee Club would do well to follow their example, and to do so in contrast and all wear black. Little things of this kind greatly improve general appearences. The setting of the stage opens a field for originality and for a display of good taste. It is necessary for the proper reflection of sound, that the background scene be as close as possible to the musicians, yet even in that limited space there is much room for improvement. A tasteful arrangement of stage furniture and hangings would repay the trouble expended on it. In this respect a plan has been suggested that might well be given a trial. Let the rear scene have three open doors hung with curtains, a large double door in the centre and two small ones in the centre of each side. Behind them the scene of a room—a stage drawing room—could be set, and set as though it were open fully to the view of the audience, so that when the curtains are drawn aside for entrance there may not be presented to the audience the dingy barn like appearance of the stage in the rough. Here both clubs could wait during intervals, and each during the time the other is on the stage in front. The doors could be used for entrance, and the front wings at the sides for exit, and aside from the improvement in appearance, there would not be the usual crowding that results in changing places. Moreover it would give both clubs (especially the Glee Club, in which the parts are separated) a chance to get together and discuss encores and other necessary subjects which arise on the spur of the moment. However, all these things are a matter of opinion.

A LEGEND.

THE tide was running up in the South River with the peculiar swiftness which characterizes that stream. A heavy wind, blowing from the south-east, damp and laden with salt, came straight in from the sea, causing the whirling, eddying tide, to boom and roar along the beaches of white sand, while the long swell breaking among the reeds, could be heard far inland. One could hear also, borne on the sea-breeze, that deep sound like artillery wheels on a hard road, but which is said to be the "slatting" of Kidd's sails as he "luffs," keeping watch and ward over his ill-gotten treasure.

The autumn sun was almost down. Its last rays penetrating the rift of dark clouds along the western horizon, touched as with a caressing hand the many-colored leaves along the river banks. The sumachs at the mouth of Christian Kill seemed veritable burning bushes, so vivid were the colors of their radiant clusters.

All the beauty of the scene was wasted, however. The people of the little Dutch village of Swanneck were much excited. Poor Joan Vanneman, the girl who attended to the church, was dead. She had gone into the forest at the back of the clearing, to get some herbs for her father, who was ill, and the next day she was found in the woods murdered. Who had done it none dared even guess. She was buried under an oak, before the door of the church, and a granite stone raised to her memory. Soon a superstition became rife among the Indians, that when the murderer came near the spot the stone would weep.

Not long after this, all the colonists were surprised by the appearance of an old man in their midst. He was a hunter and was well known to all the Indian warriors. One evening when a little group had gathered round the fire in the public house in Swanneck, he rose and said:

"Does any one remember Joan Vanneman's death?"

"Does any one forget it?" queried mine host between the puffs at his pipe.

Never heeding the interruption the old man proceeded:

"Well, last week as I was coming down the river in my canoe I passed the spot after nightfall, and as I passed I glanced inshore, I know not why, and there around the grave I saw flames, all of a blue and lambent blaze, playing. It was the death dance of the spirits. Then I heard singing such as no man ever heard. Mark you! the place is haunted. Is it not so pastor?" and he turned to the venerable, white haired old pastor at his side.

This story soon spread and so universal was

the belief, that from Bombaies' Hooken to Printz's Island and the Schuyl-kill, no one could be persuaded to go out after night. No fisherman could be heard tumbling into his skiff and pulling noisily for the shoals, on the evening flood. It was a strange thing, how many persons saw the ghost. To some it appeared in the likeness of a lovely girl, such as Joan was in life. Others saw a horrible figure stained with blood, which fled past them on the night wind, shrieking in agony. To be sure these last were noticeably those who oftenest frequented the public house of the village.

A new governor had come to the colonies. He was to be at the little church on the next Sabbath. In spite of the threatening weather and cloudy sky, the colonists were on hand early. Service was over—still no governor. His coming being despaired of, all prepared to leave, when suddenly the storm, which had been brewing all day, came upon them, and all hastened for shelter to the church. Presently their attention was drawn to a boat about a half mile from shore. The two occupants were endeavoring to reach land. Suddenly the bowoar broke and the boat, swinging broadside to the swell, after several long plunges, drove with a grinding noise far up the pebble beach before the clearing. Both men sprang out and ran toward the church. To reach it they had to cross the grave, and as they did so, the elder man tripped and fell heavily forward on his face. Before he could rise, the long crack and crash of a falling tree was heard, and a huge limb of the oak tree pinned him to the ground. The colonists hastened to his assistance and were releasing him when the old pastor cried out "Look, the Indian superstition has come true. See how the stone weeps," And in truth, great drops of blood were seen trickling down the surface of the hard granite rock.

They endeavored to restore the wounded man to consciousness, but in vain. "He won't die till the turn of the tide," said an old sailor, nor did he. Just as the ebb began to make, he breathed his last. Who he was none ever knew. Only this — he must have been the murderer, because Joan's ghost is seen no more around the "horse shoe bend."

"And this," writes the old Dutch chronicler, alluding to the weeping stone, "is true, for I myself have seen it." R.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE CONCERT.

BETHLEHEM society turned out *en masse* to hear the concert given by the Glee and Banjo Clubs on their second appearance this season in the Fountain Hill Opera House. The audience, which was a large one, was very appreciative, and both clubs received many hearty *encores*.

The concert itself was excellent, and the clubs made a reputation which will serve them greatly in the future. The Glee Club has improved wonderfully, and showed the result of faithful and frequent rehearsals. Prof. Wolle, who has trained them, has been untiring in his efforts in behalf of the men, and has brought them to a high state of perfection. The Banjo Club also was at its best. They played with that vim and dash which has made them celebrated, and now are the peer of college banjo clubs. Their leader, Mr. C. E. Pettinos, deserves unstinted praise for his work with the club.

The Glee Club's most popular piece was "Brown and White." The college cheer it brought from the students present showed how they admired it. It should be sung at every concert. "Love," by the quartette, was also very cleverly rendered, while the topical song they sang in response to the encore "brought down the house." Mr. Quigley's solo also received hearty applause. The "Excelsior Medley," by the Banjo Club, was a great favorite, as was also the "Advance and Retreat of Salvation Army." "Elberon Waltzes," by the same club, was heartily encored. Mr. Hallock, in his specialty, was the greatest hit of the evening. Again and again he was recalled until he had to refuse to respond to the applause. The patronesses were: Mrs. Robert A. Lamberton, Mrs. George H. Myers, Mrs. Rollin H. Wilbur, Mrs. J. Price Wetherill, Mrs. Warren A. Wilbur, Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Chas. M. Dodson, Mrs. Chas. P. Coleman, Mrs. Wm. H. Chandler, Mrs. Wm. B. Myers.

The following was the programme

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PART I.
Washington Post, Sousa
Banjo Club.
Waltz Song-Fair as the Roses Red, . Nessler
Glee Club.
Elberon Waltzes,
Banjo Club.
College Songs,
Glee Club.
Solo—Goodby,
Mr. Quigley.
Cocoanut dance (characteristique) Arr. Pettinos
Banjo Club.
She was but Seven,
Old King Cole, De Koven
Glee Club.
Excelsior Medley, Armstrong
Banjo Club.
Part II.
Tailor Song-Robin Hood, De Koven
Glee Club.
Advance and Retreat of Salvation Army, Arr. Pettinos
Banjo Club.
Quartette-Love, Meyer Helmund
Messrs. Quigley, Taylor, Payne, Hall.
Specialty by Mr. Hallock,
Selected,
Banjo Club.
Brown and White, Arr. Wolle
Glee Club.
Triumph march,

Messrs. C. W. Gearhart, '93, A. S. Maurice, '93, S. B. Knox, '93, C. W. Parkhurst, '93, R. D. Floyd, '94, R. Ferriday, '94, G. Ordway, '94, V. A. Johnson, '94, R. M. Tarleton, '94, and C. H. Thompson, '94, were the ushers.

Banjo Club.



HARVARD, 14; LEHIGH, 2.

ON April 5th, Lehigh opened the base-ball season, on the Athletic Grounds, in a game with Harvard, and were defeated by the

score of 14-2. The day was an ideal one for base-ball, and notwithstanding it was a foregone conclusion that the Crimson would win easily, a goodly number turned out to see the game. Both sides fielded well, and much credit must especially be given to Lehigh for the way in which she acquitted herself in this very important characteristic of the making of a good team. Individually the men played exceedingly well, although they showed a lack of steady team work, which only practice can make perfect. But our weak point lies in the battery. What our prospects are in this respect are yet to be developed. Nevins pitched winning ball in the first three innings, but went to pieces in the fourth. Gallagher, who relieved him in the fifth inning, was hit quite freely, and by no means duplicated his work in the box of last year. This, however, may be accounted for in that he is practicing a new style of pitching, and much better work is expected of him. Jackson, who went into the box in the eighth inning, proved no puzzle to the Harvard batsmen. Gadd caught a good game, although his throwing to second can be improved upon, while Burley did not catch

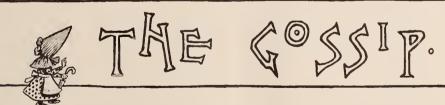
long enough to distinguish himself. The game, on the whole, showed what Lehigh is capable of doing, and in the future the team will undoubtedly do better work. Those deserving mention are Bray, Gearhart, Patterson, and Petriken for Lehigh; and Frothingham, Upton, and Sullivan for Harvard.

The detailed score follows:

HARVARD					LEHIGH.					
r	h	0	а	е	г	h	0	а	e	
Hallowell, c.f1	0	4	I	0	Bray, c.fo	2	2	0	0	
Cooke, 3b2	0	0	4	0	Patterson, s.s	I	2	2	I	
Sullivan, s.so	4	I	I	0	Gadd, c	I	6	0	0	
Abbott, r.f2	0	0	0	0	Petriken, r.fo	0	I	0	1	
Frothingham, 2b2	3	I	I	I	Gearhart, 1bo	I	13	0	I	
Dickinson, 1b2	0	ΙI	I	0	Fuller, 1.to	0	0	0	0	
Colgate, l.f	I	I	0	0	Thompson, 2bo	I	0	I	I	
Upton, c2	3	9	I	0	Cressman, 3bo	0	0	2	0	
Highlands, p2	2	0	12	I	Nevins, po	0	0	5	0	
_	_	_	_		Gallagher, po	0	0	4	0	
Totals14	13	27	20	2	Jackson, po	0	0	I	0	
					Burley, co	0	0	0	0	
					Totals 2	6	24	15	4	
Lehigh 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0— 2										

Earned runs—Harvard 6; Lehigh 2. First base on balls—Patterson, Cressman, 2; Thompson, Bray, Cooke, Abbott, 3; Upton, Colgate, Hallowell, 2. First base on errors—Bray, Hallowell, Dickinson. Left on bases—Lehigh 6, Harvard, 8. Struck out—Gadd, 2; Gearhart, Nevins, 2: Patterson, Abbott, 2: Highlands, Cooke, Colgate, Threebase hits—Frothingham, Upton. Stolen bases—Patterson, Cressman, Sullivan, Frothingham, 2; Dickinson, 2; Upton. Passed balls—Gadd, 2; Burley, Upton, 2. Umpire—J. H. Hopkins. Attendance—1500. Time—2 hours.

Harvard...... 1 1 4 2 1 3 2 x-14



The Gossip was glad to notice at the concert on Saturday night the absence of a feature which on former occasions has caused comment. He has reference to the applause which the members of one of the organizations—Glee or Banjo—when they have finished their own act and are scattered in various parts of the house, are accustomed to furnish so freely to the members of the other on the stage; the Banjo Club "whooping it up" for the Glee Club and vice versa.

At times it is, undoubtedly, a good thing to have men in the audience to start up the applause. But when those who have their own part on the program go out, and constitute themselves an assembly of most appreciative listeners, showing freely their satisfaction in all that is done, it is liable to produce a wrong impression on the real audience. It partakes too much of the nature of a mutual admiration society, or of the "you tickle me and I'll tickle you" combine. At the home

concerts it is probably understood, and makes no difference. But at those away from home, where the performers are unknown to their audience, and where, perhaps, there is little acquaintance with college men and their ways, such things endanger the reputation both of the musical organizations and of the college.

If you have not got it and have not had it, you are sure to get it. It is as inevitable as fate and the subscription fiend. Remedy? There is none. Spring fever is monarch. It rules supreme, but it's subjects never murmur. It's hypnotic powers quell all uprisings by alluring glances and warm embraces. The crank abandons his hobby, the professor lays aside his dignity, and the Wilbur prize is not the brilliant reward that it seemed in the vigorous winter days when "20° below" was the average. The Senior saunters languidly past the Chapel at 8.29 1/2 A.M. to his recitations; the Junior leaves his books at his rooms —they are so heavy now; the Sophomore's braggadocio and lordly swagger lose their old time vim and fire; and the Freshman-but that word is not specific enough. One set of Freshmen is so radically different from another that they must be treated of separately. There, for instance, are those who seek a conspicuous portion of the green campus sward free from Buck's fertilizer, to exhibit, as advantágeously as possible, their corduroys, their colored linen, and their class caps or sombrerros, as the case may be. They forget that an object and its background should be of different colors; but they'll learn that in Sophomore physics, and incidentally also, that heat is not generated by sitting on damp earth. That set of Freshman is entirely different from those whose neckties always seek the backs of their necks, whose trousers rest ungracefully on the tops of their shoes, whose vests are almost buttonless and give evidence of their owner's recent exit from the state of infancy by being held in place by safety pins; this type of Freshman always presents a scrappy appearance, but, like wine, generally improves with age. Then there are those who have already begun to assume the Sophomore's boastfulness, whose hats no longer fit them, and who could take prizes and stand high in class if they wanted to, but do not feel like trying. And so on through the whole list of this motley array, every man of every class bows the knee to Spring Fever.

"Well!" said the Gossip, as he rushed into the sanctum and hastily shut and locked the door in the face of a collector for the Athletic Association—"worked the V trick successfully that time, didn't I?" and he looked around him with a self-satisfied air.

"Isn't it about time you paid up?" inquired the Exchange Editor, breathing a sigh of relief and shedding tears of heartfelt joy, as he finished the last installment of "Harry's Career at Yale." "Yes, guess it is," replied The Gossip thoughtfully, "but I'll wait till we beat U. P. first. What I won last year is all gone." "You're a hard nut," murmured the Kernel Editor softly to himself, but seeing he was overheard, he smiled apologetically and added pleasantly, "Taken back, fellows, it's on me; what'll you have?" "Beer!" came from half a dozen throats, but just then the Editor-in-Chief walked in, and soon so deep a silence fell upon the sanctum that The Gossip was forced to turn up his trousers to keep them from breaking it.

[—]The Princeton lacrosse men have begun practicing on the 'Varsity field.

[—]The Princeton Dramatic Association will present this Spring a burlesque entitled, "Hon. Julius Cæsar."

[—]The University of Michigan has fifty of its own graduates on the faculty.

[—]Harvard has recently received between \$2,000,000 and \$4,000,000 in trust from an unknown millionaire of New York City.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EVEN the dear old Table is subject to rotation in office. The old Editor slips the scissors from his fingers, throws the empty paste-pot into the waste basket and, bidding adieu to the exchanges, leaves the Sanctum.

The new editor glides in quietly and, turning up the light, pays his regards to The Table. There they are—these dear representatives of the American colleges. Almost we hear the courteous Yale Courant as it greets the Wellesley Magazine,—

"Bonjour, my dear Mag., you are more charming than ever this Spring."

"And you, sir," replies the other gayly, "you are—very Yale."

Over there in the corner is the *University* Courier. Of course, it is dressed handsomely, but it is rather boastful and quarrelsome—very Pennsylvanian.

The dailies huddle together and joke one another on their ancient college notes.

The Lampoon smiles a Harvard smile over The Ibis' latest bon mot.

The Tiger laughs at them all, and more especially at the Nassau Lit., too dignified to notice it. What a charming lot they are even with their imperfections! One we like for its verse, another for its stories; this one for its editorials, that one for its cuts. But we love them all because they are college papers, and are bubbling over with college spirit.

We welcome two newcomers to The Table: the University of North Carolina Tar Heel, a weekly modeled after the University of Virginia College Topics, and the University of Chicago Weekly.

The Nassau Lit. is a favorite everywhere. The March number is not so rich as usual in verse. This is about the best:

OPPORTUNITY.

I hastened toward the east through pleasant ways, . I held a white rose in my hand, and turned Not to the right where radiant wild-flowers burned, Nor to the left where lay a tangled maze Of clover and sweet grasses; but my gaze Was fastened on my rose. The wild-flowers, spurned,

Turned longingly to me, as if they yearned For one soft word. I gave no gentle praise, But kissed the rose I held—it was so fair!

Though still the field-flowers smiled, I did not see For kissing of my rose. And on I pressed, But came upon a desert unaware.

My white rose withered. I turned ruefully— The field of flowers had vanished in the west.

Princeton's club life is spoken of pleasantly in an editorial; but as the Lit. occupies the unique position of Princeton's guardian angel against fraternities, the writer seems to think he may have gone too far, and warns his readers against becoming too fond of the club life.

Here is a gem from the Yale *Courant*:

TWO PAINTERS.

Through years of ceaseless toil, with zeal undying, A painter strove to win immortal fame; Flattered each human fancy, dreaming, sighing But for an empty name.

His life ebb'd slowly on; the world, unfeeling His thoughts and aspirations, let him die; Today he sleeps unknown, no stone revealing Where his lone heart may lie.

He had a friend, who pierc'd his soul's recesses, And pictured, with his brush, his beating heart; Cared not for fame; thought not of men's caresses; Sought but his art.

And lo! when death with gentle hands had claim'd

When life had softly laid itself to rest, Men wept to thinks upon his deeds, and named him With those whom fame has blest.

We present the following from the Williams Lit, as a good specimen of purely descriptive verse:

IN SULTRY AUGUST.

An open stretch of quiet country road That runs, a winding stream of dust, between Two narrow banks of dust-bespattered green,-As if the stream had lately over-flowed. The white moth miller flutters with his load Of fairy flour above the withered screen Of wayside grass, beneath whose blades, unseen, The dusty-coated beetle finds abode.

Beyond the fence on either side there lies A bit of woodland, fresh and clear and cool. Above the noise of sparrows in the shade, Rustling and crackling the dry leaves, arise The splashing, tinkling treble of the pool, The murmured burden of the near cascade. TO THE ALUNNI OF LEHIGH.

ENTLEMEN: The following letter speaks for itself. It was handed to Mr. Stock, Secretary of the Executive Committee, two days ago with 84 signatures, which it had received in the seven days since it was posted to the majority of the association who favor a useful memorial. It represents the position of that majority fully, and is commended to all who desire to benefit Lehigh by something useful—not an observatory, if there be better things-as a memorial of our respect to our honored Founder. At the same time the majority who have thus voted are thankful for all that the Executive Committee has done this year. Committed as they were to raising money for a statue, they have called forth a discussion that has shown the true feeling of the Association, and they deserve the gratitude of every man for two things. First, the thorough manner in which they have attempted to raise money for the statue, as they were ordered to do by the last alumni meeting. Second, for the privilege they have given for full discussion of the whole subject. Association is now called upon to decide whether the present attempt is to be continued. It will not do to say that time will be lost if the matter is postponed. In a matter of this weight there never can be too thorough a discussion. A reversal of the acts of last June by men who there made the policy now being carried out, means a change of opinion and not a condemnation of officials who have done their duty fully. Any attempt at revenge would only recoil on the heads of those attempting it. The amendment will allow a full discussion in the future of similar matters. In fine, this discussion will be a good thing for the Association, as there will be a feeling in the hearts of each one that he has a part in the acts of the Association.

Respectfully, Edward H. Williams, Jr., '75.

To the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association, Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, have read the resolution to reconsider, and the amendment to the Constitution, and have individually signed our names, or authorized our names to be signed to the same, and we ask you to issue to the Association the following, to be considered at the coming meeting in June in the order here given, and that the vote be taken in person, or by letter ballot. We send to you printed copies of the resolution and amendment, so that no time may be lost and that they may be sent within the time stated in the Constitution.

First.—An amendment to the Constitution, to be numbered Article VII, and the present Article VII to be called Article VIII.

ARTICLE VII.—"No project of any kind whatever which is to represent the Association as a body, or for which funds are to be collected from the individual members of the Association, excepting only the annual alumni lunch and reception to the university authorities and to the Faculty in June, shall be adopted, or funds solicited therefor, until it shall have been adopted by a majority of the voting members of the Association, in person or by letter ballot, at any meeting of the Association of which official notice shall have been given at least six months previously, and with said notice of the coming meeting shall have been issued a statement of the proposed form for said project, with the reason for its selection. After the issuing of said notice it shall be lawful for any member or members to offer amendments to said project; provided, that all such amendments shall have been made publicly, by printing in any one of the regular university publications, or by circular letter sent to each member of the Association; and, provided further, that no amendment to the project, as officially announced, shall be considered at the meeting aforesaid, unless it shall have been submitted as aforesaid at least three months previous to said meeting."

Second.—The following resolution, having been adopted at the annual meeting in June, 1892, when not fifty members were present, and without having been submitted to the Association:

"Resolved, That the action of the Executive Committee in deciding that a statue of the Founder of the University, to be erected on the campus, would be the most fitting memorial of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the matriculation of the First Class of the University, be approved, and the plan be indorsed by this Association, and that the Executive Committee be authorized and requested to proceed with the work."

WHEREAS, Certain of our number voted for the above resolution, as the official list will show,

Resolved. That the Association reconsiders the vote above recited, and the same is hereby reconsidered.

(Signed,) Respectfully,
F. F. AMSDEN, '87,
H. L. ANCHMUTY, '85,
G. R. BOOTH, '86,
C. L. BANKS, '88,
J. BARRELL, '92,
A. H. BATES, '89,
S. E. BERGER, '89,
H. V. COOKE, '83,

And seventy-two others.

D.

TO MY LOVE.

"TWERE worth a life those lips to press
With rapture close to mine—
To live for aye in such duress
Were happiness divine.

To lie forever at her feet
Were joy beyond compare,
To be her menial slave were meet
Reward for all my care.

To rest like jewel on her breast,
To feel the throbbing there,
The hot and surging flesh oppressed
By passion everywhere.

To hold her in the tender grasp Of love's long, fond embrace, To cover, while her neck I clasp, With kisses her fair face.

Were greater bliss than Paradise,
Than heav'n itself could give—
Should one for me such joys devise,
I could no longer live.

TROUBLE BREWING.

THE Slush raised his voice in a wail one bright day,

And mourned the injustice of fate. He blamed the hot Sun for the horrible way, He had scorched him into that sad state.

"That's just what I thawed," the Sun quietly said To the icicle, sparkling and clear; The lcicle smuggled the joke through his head,

And gracefully dropped a big tear.

"Ah, yes," said the Slush, "your hot-headedness

Has been the chief cause of it all.

I was once out of sight myself, I just guess,
But that was preceding the Fall."

"Now people continually trample on me."
Said the Slush with a stab at some wit,

"And although I slide out of it sometimes, d'ye see?

They decide that on me they will sit."

Then the musical muse moved the guilty Sun so, As he gazed on the innocent Slush,

That he sang song and chorus of Beautiful Snow, Which he soon changed to "Mush, mush, mush, mush,"

—H. C. Lauderburn '91, is "assignment reporter" on the New York Sun.

—An energetic students' movement is being made at Cornell to raise the standard of honor in examinations.

CLIPPINGS.

GREATNESS MADE EASY.

Heads of great men all remind us, If we choose the proper way, We can get up in the morning With a head as big as they.

-Columbia Spectator.

PADEREWSK1.

If Paderewski draws a crowd
Who partly go to see his hair,
Pray tell me, can it be allowed,
There's capillary attraction there?

-Brunonian.

A CULTURED CHANGE.

When first she came in dowdy dress, Her cheeks suffused with country tan, Her mother wrote then every week To "My Dear Daughter Mary Ann."

But since that day four months ago
When culture with her first began,
She's changed; her letter home she signs
"Your Loving Daughter Marianne."

-The Unit.



Monday, April 17th.—Banjo Club meets at Psi U House at 6.30 P.M.

Wednesday, April 19th. —Base-Ball, Lehigh vs. Princeton, at Princeton.

Thursday, April 20th.—Banjo Club meets at Psi U House at 6.30 P.M. Glee Club meets at Mr. Wolle's at 7 P.M.

Friday, April 21st.—Glee Club Concert at Philadelphia. Saturday, April 22d.—Mustard and Cheese at Opera House. Banjo Club meets at Psi U House at 6.30 P.M.

Sunday, April 23d.—Bible Class meets in Gymnasium at 3.30 P.M. Y. M. C. A. meets in Gymnasium at 6.30 P.M.

Monday, April 24th.—Banjo Club meets at Psi U

House at 6.30 P.M.
Thursday, April 27th.—Banjo Club meets at Psi U
House at 6.30 P.M. Glee Club meets at Mr.

in Gymnasium at 7 P.M.
Friday, April 28th.—Agora Society meets in English room at 2 P.M. Choir practice at 7 P.M.

Wolle's at 7 P.M. Engineering Society meets

KERNELS.

- —The lacrosse candidates have their training table at 470 Vine Street.
- —The Rev.Mr. Keatings, of Bedford Springs, preached the sermon last Sunday.
- —Instructor Biggin took the Junior Architects on an inspection trip to New York City and vicinity on March 27.
- —Mr. E. D. Irwin, the state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., addressed the college Y. M. C. A. on Sunday April 9th.
- —The base-ball nine occupied boxes at "Tangled Up," and at the Glee and Banjo Club concert.



March 25, 1893.

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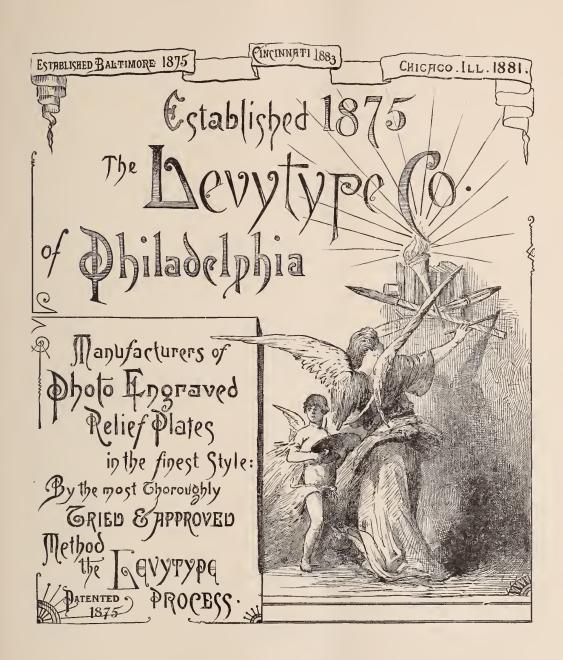
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PHILADELPHIA



- —The Junior Civils will go on an inspection trip to New York City and vicinity on April 27th.
- —Manager Ferriday was the recipient of a beautiful bunch of roses at the Glee and Banjo Clubs Concert.
- —T. B. Kirk, who has played on the champion lacrosse team of Canada for the last six years, is here training our team.
- —The date of the Cornell-Lehigh base-ball game has been changed from April 22 to May 6, on account of the play "Fra Diavolo."
- —The dates of the championship lacrosse games are: May 13, Stevens vs. Lehigh, at Hoboken; and May 27, Johns Hopkins vs. Lehigh, at Baltimore.
- —Owing to the grading of the ground in front of the new Physical Laboratory, the tennis club has had to give up their courts. They have petitioned Dr. Lamberton for other space, however.

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